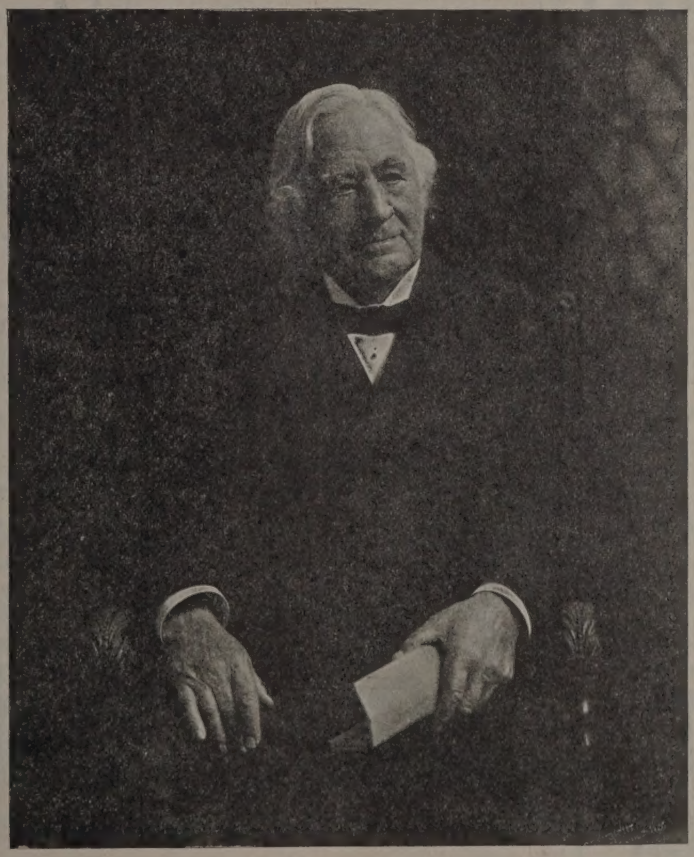
Volume LXXII CHICAGO, DECEMBER 18, 1913 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



ROBERT COLLYER
1823-1912

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1913. NUMBER 16.

ODE

To Dr. Robert Collyer on the Occasion of His Eighty-fifth Birthday

REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Thou grand old man, whom two worlds claim their own.
  Thou calm and strong and saintly son of God!
Again o'er thee the pleasant years have flown,
  Again another circuit thou hast trod.

Thy giant form, like some deep-rooted tower,
  Still fronts four-square to every wind that blows;
Thy mighty arm still raised aloft in power,
  Strikes life's great anvil till it throbs and glows.

Thy noble face, so calm, so sweet, so rare,
  Stamped with the simple goodness of thy days,
Still seems a benediction after prayer,
  The grand Amen! that ends a song of praise.

O stalwart man, who brave this earth hath trod;
O gentle sage, who seeks the better part;
O lofty seer, so true and pure of heart;

O thou who, with a child-like faith sublime,
  Saith, "All is well," nor would with fate contend;
Thou Enoch, who, like him of olden time,
  Walks close with God, a comrade and a friend!

We hail thee as thou stand'st upon the crest,
  Crowned with the glory of the mount of God;
And call to thee, with peace and beauty blest,
  To point us to the path thy feet have trod.

THE MARCH ESCAPE. Following the habit of many years, the Senior Editor of UNITY will avoid the Chicago winds and the routine of the editorial chair during the month of March. He will seek a balmier air in which to deliver his message and will be open for engagements between February 25 and April 9. The details of the itinerary are not yet fixed but the extreme limit points to Texas. Correspondence is solicited with colleges, high schools, clubs, churches, etc., in the South and Southwest. Single addresses or courses of lectures on literary and other subjects will be available. Address UNITY, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Ill.

The Chicago Peace Society, at the meeting held December 6, 1913, alluded to in a recent issue of UNITY, passed the following resolutions:

1. That the President and Secretary of State do all in their power to bring about the Third Peace Conference at the Hague and to further an adequate program for the same.
2. That it favors an International Agreement for the suspension of the building of battleships for one year, "that it may be known throughout the earth that the American people honestly and earnestly desire those things which make for peace and for the advancement of civilization."
3. That it rejoices over the defeat of the Militia Pay Bill by the 62nd Congress and declares its earnest opposition to such a bill, if revived by the 63rd Congress.
4. It urges the renewal of the Arbitration Treaties that have expired or are about to expire.
5. That unless the provision exempting coastwise shipping using the Panama Canal is repealed by the United States, the question should be submitted for arbitration to the International Court at the Hague.

Ella Flagg Young

Chicago has not been so successful in raising sky-scraping men and women as it has been in the erection of sky-scraping buildings. The story is humiliating that recounts the number of great leaders, spiritual powers, which Chicago has either exiled by neglect or lost for lack of vision. Boston, New York and other great cities of the east have rejoiced in the prophetic vision and spiritual power which Chicago helped to train, but failed to retain. The story of all the religious denominations justifies this statement. The pages of UNITY are given over this week to the commemoration of one of the prophets whom Chicago developed but failed to retain, to the permanent loss of the city and the standing reproach of its citizens. Perhaps Chicago is but an illustration of the universal truth, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." The city, as represented by its Board of Education, is just now busy in stoning one more of its prophets. It humiliated itself in the eyes of the educational world, and proved itself blind, or indifferent to, the intelligent verdict of the competent everywhere when it summarily dismissed from its service Ella Flagg Young as the superintendent of its public schools. The superintendent who has brought order out of chaos, won the confidence of the teachers, unified the workers, secured the love of the parents and the admiration of the pupils. The intense excitement occasioned by this "clap of thunder from a clear sky" will necessarily cause many harsh, unkind and untrue words to be said concerning the members of the Board, who, without discussion and without warning, and in defiance of overwhelming public sentiment in the city, and the concensus of judgment on the part of the competent in the educational world everywhere, succeeded by a scant majority in thrusting the first assistant into the Superintendent's chair. That the process was legal and, perhaps, justified by precedent does not prove that it was either wise or just; it is one more acute illustration of the dangers of democracy, perhaps its unsolved problem. How to secure the services of highly specialized ability, and the "scientific management" that necessitates one man

power, the concentration of responsibility in one head, and at the same time satisfy committees, boards, councils, legislators and congresses created by a more or less popular vote. This is perhaps the most perplexing problem of democracy. Mrs. Young has run counter to the judgment of some members of a large board which was named by political methods, primarily for political and secondarily for educational reasons. She has encountered the same difficulty that has distressed the great American educators always, from Horace Mann and W. T. Harris, to Colonel Parker. All the great presidents of all the great universities, from Harvard to Leland Stanford, have been charged with the very same faults as those attributed to Mrs. Young, namely, impracticability, obstinacy, discourtesy to committee men, and with being a hindrance and handicap to the "Board." Strong men, born leaders, have always been menaced by "boards." General Grant cut the wires connecting him with Washington when he started out on his Vicksburg Campaign for fear of "Board" interference. The Campaign of the Wilderness and the Surrender of Appomattox could never have been brought about by a committee. In a question of the highest efficiency the boy's definition of a board has psychological significance, "A thing long, narrow, thin and made of wood." However, this unseemly, untimely, and to our mind undignified and unnecessary muddle, will be solved, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's fame is safe. Her place stands unchallenged among the great public school educators in this or any other country. She is the most conspicuously successful superintendent of schools the city of Chicago has ever known, and one who long ago ceased to be conspicuous as a "*woman* superintendent of schools" and became eminent as a "*Superintendent* of Schools," with the sex element eliminated. Hers is not feminine eminence but a splendid manifestation of human power, the result of long training, of tireless labor and unquestioned singleness of purpose. Mrs. Young doubtless has the faults of her virtues, her very mistakes are creditable. Enemies she has none, opponents she could not help having, but even these are complimentary to her. They testify to her ability and are unconscious witnesses of her power and efficiency.

Robert Collyer

It is never too late to honor nobility, or to confess indebtedness. The Christmas season is pre-eminently the time to rejoice in the triumphs of the spirit and to bask in the sunshine of great hearts. Not the death date, but the birth date, is the more fitting anniversary of those whom generations rejoice in. Because we have come into possession of material so interesting that it deserves publicity, because Chicago failed to give adequate recognition of the translation of its great preacher at the time of his going hence, and because the editorial staff of UNITY was so busy with less important things that it failed to give fitting expression to its love for the great preacher at the time of his death, we dedicate this number of UNITY to the memory of Robert Collyer, assured that in no way can we better contribute to the Christmas cheer of our readers than by illuminating our front page with his masterful face and yielding our columns to those who found in him a refuge in time of trouble, a light in moments of darkness, a cheer in times of discouragement.

Robert Collyer, a minister of religion by Divine appointment, was ordained into the Methodist ministry in England when a young man and some ten years later ordained into the Unitarian ministry, in Chicago. Twenty years later still he was installed pastor of the Unitarian Society in New York, to which he gave thirty or more years of his life in active ministry. But he was fore-ordained to the ministry of religion before the laying on of hands on the part of any ecclesiastical organization, or Christian sect. His was a royal parentage though reared in an orphanage. Tides of physical strength were poured into his veins by lusty parents. His was a stalwart body, and the ample dome was packed with splendidly organized gray matter, and whether it was used in building iron gates, making hammers, rounding horse-shoes, or writing the delightful sermon-poems that so uplifted listeners and readers, it was all alike, discipline and inspiration, to Robert Collyer.

New York was blessed with the longer pastorate; perhaps it gave to him more adequate appreciation. To it was certainly given the high honor of setting this "Candle of the Lord" in a more adequate candlestick. To it, deservedly, was given the privilege of sepulture, his mortal part lies buried in the neighborhood of the greatest American city; but to Chicago remains the more lasting honor of having discovered Robert Collyer to the world, developed the prophet into his maximum power, converted the "Blacksmith Missionary" into the metropolitan Preacher, changed the helping hand, the charity worker, into the helping heart that effectively ministered to minds diseased. It was in Chicago that Robert Collyer's faith bloomed into the splendid universality that lifted him out of all denominational claims, and made labels, even of his own chosing, intrusive, on account of their inadequacy.

The present writer first saw the radiant face and heard the cheery voice at a Unitarian Conference in Cleveland in June, 1870, the day after his graduation. Then Collyer's was the commanding voice for which all waited. At the morning Conference he said:

"My old friends of the Methodist Church keep a'coming to me and a'coming to me and want to know if I still believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I tell them, Yes, if you let me alone!" This is interpretive of all great souls and indicates the boundaries of all loving hearts. He was orthodox, Methodist, Catholic, Unitarian,—everything, anything, that served as a vehicle to the spirit and was an honest expression of the human nature to which he belonged,—if you let him alone! If you permitted him to give his own interpretation and to formulate his own creed, which he said at another time, "Must be stamped like a railroad ticket, 'good for this day and trip only.'" But he was nothing, belonged to no sect, and rejected all creeds, when in any way they carried with them the slightest flavor of compulsion. His vocabulary was large when words served as wings to the soul, but all words were rejected when they became fetters.

Robert Collyer belongs still, primarily, to Chicago, for here he found his strength, tried his wings, and became minister-at-large to all the denominations. He was *Pastor Magnificus* of the city in its growing time, the unfrocked Bishop of the town when it was being tested by the great war and purified by the awful fire. During his Chicago ministry he set a pattern and established a pace that has made it impossible for smaller men, working on narrower lines, to satisfy the deeper religious needs and higher religious thoughts of its citizens.

Robert Collyer was leaving a bereaved city about the time the present writer was entering it, but the latter came in time to profit by the inheritance, to note in a thousand ways the great contribution, and to share in the bereavement. The public library, the women's clubs, the public schools and charities all received primal impulses from his heart and brain.

The dedication of the holiday number of UNITY to the memory of this great heart is an inadequate recognition of a personal debt, and a still more inadequate recognition of a municipal obligation, a national indebtedness.

Robert Collyer was a poet and not a theologian, consequently he served the cause of universal religion not by argument but by declarations and demonstrations. This is why he was at home with the most conservative Unitarian and one of the welcomed orators of the Free Religious Association. He was a Christian so long as Christianity was unfenced, but when the boundaries were put up he hastened to confess kinship with Buddha, Zoroaster and the other Wise Men of the East, still bearing gold, frankincense and myrrh to the shrine of the Divine Child, who witnesseth to the unrimmed brotherhood of man and the universal Fatherhood of God.

UNDER THE SNOW

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY, BY ROBERT COLLYER

It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,*
And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell.

When wagoner John got out his team,
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day.

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Pleasant and winsome, and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not gannin'!" shouted mine host;
"Thou'll be lost in the drift as sure as thou's born.
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles fra' Skipton toon,
To Blueberg hooses'e Washburn dale;
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the vines against the sun,
Herds from rivers in the drouth;
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death, on the haggard way?
He sings to himself, like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the bitter north wind brings a deadly chill,
Creeping into the heart; and the drifts are deep;
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill,
He is weary and falls on a pleasant sleep.

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side
Walking with Ruth, on a summer's day,
Singing the song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now, forever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom
Fall on her ear, distinct and clear,
As if her lover was in the room?

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover was lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead, on the great, lone moor?

"Help! Help! Lost! Lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,
Risdale and Robinson, each with a light,
To find her there holding him, white and still.

"He was dead in the drift, then,"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
"Fifty years syne this Christmas Day."

"Nay, nay, they were wed!" the yeoman cried;
"Wed by t' parson o' New Year's Day;
Why, Ruth were me great-great grandsire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the snow?"
They cry through their laughter, touched with tears;
"Nay, lads," he said softly, "we never can know,
No, not if we live a hundred years.
There's a sight o' things gan
To the making o' man."

Then I rush to my play
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne this Christmas Day.

*1714.

Robert Collyer

A Memorial Address

By REV. LEON ADDISON HARVEY

The life of Robert Collyer is a great romance—wonderful as any fairy tale that ever charmed the ears of childhood. Both his parents were orphaned at an early age, and were brought up in asylums—the father in London, the mother in Norwich. This father and mother, taken early, at the age of seven or eight, from their respective asylums, were set to work in the same linen factory. There they grew to manhood and womanhood, and there they fell in love and were married. Two miles they walked to the village church and a part of the way the snow drifts were so high that they had to take to the stone wall by the roadside. Robert was their first born, December 8, 1823, and his earliest memory was of a cottage of two rooms and an attic, with a bit of green sward in front, a rose bush to make it beautiful, and a plum tree for shade and fruit. The walls of the cottage he remembered were snow white. The chairs with backs were kept for company, stools serving for the family. The few pieces of willow pattern pottery were used only on feast days. The fine old mahogany bureau shone with much polishing until the children could see their faces in it. As Robert remembered the home best, there were five children; and the father's earnings were $4.50 per week. On that the mother fed and clothed them, giving to each a week day and a Sunday suit. The food must needs be the cheapest and was mostly oatmeal porridge and skim milk—a bit of meat usually for dinner. But on it the children thrived and Robert had never known a sick day up to his 80th birthday—very few, I think, to his last brief illness. It is then a very wholesome poverty out of which he came, and we may well believe that none of the family thought it poverty at all: "No matter how poor you be, don't look poor and don't tell!" was his mother's advice to the children.

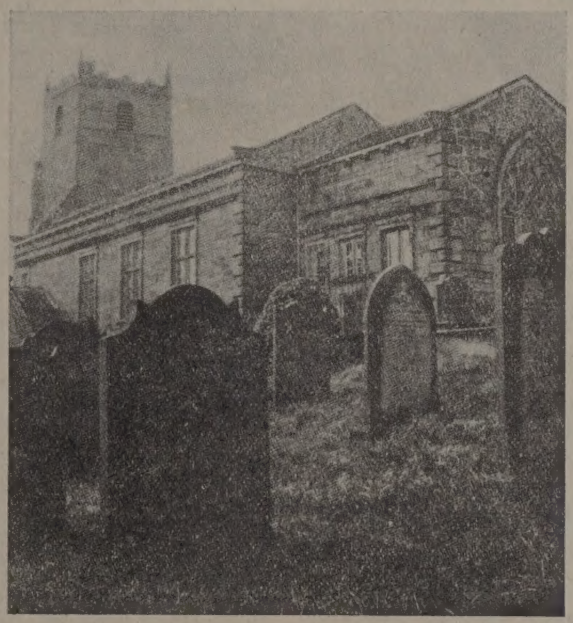
This is a picture of the iron gates which Dr. Collyer made for the parish church in Ilkley, Yorkshire, in his blacksmith's days in the 40's. They have been doing service for nearly 70 years; and Rev. John Haynes Holmes, who took this picture, found them to be as strong as ever this past summer. Dr. Collyer refers most delightfully to these gates in his "Some Memories," pages 39 to 40.

From six to eight the boys went to school and at the latter age, like his father and mother before him, he went to work in the linen factory—that was in 1831 and there were as yet no laws to protect the little tots against the cruelty which called them to work at six in the morning and kept them there until eight at night with only an hour's rest at noon; and all this time they had to stand at the spinning frames. When they sat down, as they sometimes would to rest their tired little legs, the over-looker brought them to their feet with a leather strap. The weaker children, Collyer tells us in his "Memories," were so crippled that the memory of their crooked limbs haunted him all through his life. He himself was strong enough to stand the strain without such sinister results; but his younger brother was thus crippled for life. Fortunately the Factory Act was passed in England in 1834 so that after more than two years of labor at thirteen hours a day, the law forbade children under eleven to work more than nine hours a day. At thirteen, however, the law allowed them to work the full thirteen hours. This he did for one year more and then was apprenticed to learn the blacksmith trade—with what good cheer this hardship was met this word from "Memories" suggests: "In the hardest times the dear mother looked after me and the whole brood. The home was bright always when the day's work was done, and replete with all the good-cheer her heart could compass for us. There was quite the minimum of "Thou shalt nots" in her tables of the law. She gave us our heads and held on to our hearts." The profession of religion seemed of less moment in the little home than its practice, for while neither of the parents made such profession, Robert tells that he never heard one profane word pass their lips.

The next glimpse of the lad we get after the mill days are done is at the forge in a little town six miles away from his father's home. The apprentice must work for seven years to learn his trade. The fast growing boy seems to have enjoyed his work in the village smithy, where he gained that physical strength and attained to that commanding stature, which in after years gave added weight to his words. It was an age when many English workmen found their pleasure in English ale until that led to something stronger—Robert's associates, and even the master for whom he worked, were given to their cups. From such temptation Robert was saved by a love of books which began when he was a tiny lad, for, going to buy a stick of candy with a penny a good friend had given, he saw a booklet with the story of "Whittington and His Cat," and it would cost only

a penny—he pondered the problem—and took the book rather than the candy. It was the kindling which started a flame in his nature that never went out. In the home he soon found "Bunyan's Pilgrim," "Robinson Crusoe" and Goldsmith's "History of England." He learned them almost by heart and their simple Anglo-Saxon sentences got into his blood. So when the temptation to drink came he fought it with a fine fire,—his love for books. The poor prentice had no money to spend on books, but John Dobson, ten years the boy's senior, was a workingman who never married, and who gave to books the love he might have given to a woman. This man, the most cultured in the little hamlet, became Robert's friend, and bought for him the books which fed his growing mind.

How eagerly he read may be realized from the fact that for years he never ate a meal, if he could help it, without a book at his elbow. He even read when he went courting and so, perhaps, narrowly escaped the fate of his good freind, Dobson. And, the strange thing is that he read from sheer delight, never dreaming that he could put to use the things he learned—Burns and Shakespeare had been borrowed for him while he was still in the old "home nest" so that the finest things in English had already opened the gate into all the treasures that books could yield. Thus the seven years of apprenticeship slipped by and brought to him strength of body and wealth of soul as well as the skill which made him at the end of the time the foreman of the forge.



This is a picture of the parish church in Fewston, Yorkshire, located ten miles straight across the moors from Ilkley. In this church were married Dr. Collyer's parents in January, 1823, and here one year later Dr. Collyer was baptized. Rev. John Haynes Holmes made a pious pilgrimage to this shrine last summer and saw the old records of the above mentioned events and took this picture.

With the poet's heart of him strangely responsive to love's young dream, with a foreman's income, which seemed to justify the step, he married. But e'er the year was gone the young wife died, and the youthful lover met his first great sorrow. The soul that had learned to soar with the poets was cast down into the "Slough of Despond"—his grief was too sacred to talk about even with his good friend John Dobson. He must have the struggle out alone with God as Jacob with the angel—but at the end of a month the light had come; his heart was quiet with a great trust which it seemed through all the years he never lost.

This experience brought a new sense of need—fellowship with those who had found God in the same living fashion, and had won "joy out of sorrow and peace out of pain." It was this heart hunger that led him to the neighboring Methodist meeting where the brethren soon learned of that gift of speech which was to change the current of his life. They made him a "local preacher" and though the first sermon seems not to have gone very well, the second, in a big farm kitchen, seems to have taken both the preacher and the hearers captive. I must tell the story in Dr. Collyer's own words:

"The big farm kitchen was full and they were just the hearers to help a poor soul over the sand bars on the lift of their hearts. So they sang with a will—and where in all the world will you heart such singing with a will as in Yorkshire and Lancashire? Then I must pray. Father Taylor said, 'I cannot make a prayer,' nor can I. But with those hearts filled from the springs of life, I felt that day the prayer was making me. Then the time came for the sermon. Some stammering words came to my lips, and then some more, while gleams of light began to play about my parable. And their eyes began to shine, while now and then the grand Amens came in as a chorus from the chests of men who had talked to each other in the teeth of the winds up there from the times of the Saxons and the Danes. And now after all these years I feel that it was given me that day what I was to say. So the service ended, and the good man of the house came, laid his hands on me, and said very tenderly: 'My lad, the Lord has called thee to preach the gospel. The Lord bless thee and make thee faithful in the truth.' And all the people said Amen, while I have always said that this was my true ordination."

I do not think we should be surprised at such power, for the great Teacher of Nazareth was a carpenter as Collyer was a blacksmith. This blacksmith had not had college professors for teachers, but he had gone to the source from which these drew their inspiration. The great poets had already become his companions and friends. With them he went daily into that ideal realm where both mind and soul have room to grow—and, so, like his body, that soul had grown tall and beautiful. The farmers saw the glory of it when it was unveiled to them in prayer in the moorside kitchen; and, when the music of the poets which had entered his soul was transfigured by the power of a great religious experience, the farmers knew that this man had walked with God and it was God's word he brought to men. For ten years after this he was blacksmith and preacher in one. At twenty-seven he came to America—the land of promise for him as it has been for so many thousands more. His young wife, who was his strength and inspiration for forty years, came with him. From New York they went to Philadelphia and everywhere they were met with unexpected kindness, the climax of which was the nursing of Mrs. Collyer through an illness in a good Presbyterian minister's home, and when all was over not a cent would they take for pay. He had soon a job at a forge in Shoemaker town, near Philadelphia, and there he worked for almost nine years, making double the pay he had received as foreman of the forge in England. Once, after three children had arrived, the way looked black ahead, for the panic of

1857 closed the forge and no one knew when there would be work again. It was then that the great preacher of the future helped at building a road and for a week carried a hod as helper to a mason. Meantime he was local preacher in the Methodist church. In school houses and country churches the people heard him gladly. In a neighboring debating society he had an active part. A little library stimulated the passion for reading, and the God of Poetry, of Nature, and of Life could not be fitted into the creed of his church. He had no word of defense when they told him he was no longer "Sound in the faith!" It was more than likely true he confessed—certainly he could not believe in eternal punishment, and that it seemed was essential to orthodox belief. He went, but he had so gripped the hearts of his hearers that the good tears came when they voted him unsound in the faith.

And now we have come to the beginning of the romance. Lucretia Mott heard him and introduced him to Dr. Furness of Philadelphia. The Unitarian churches in Chicago wanted a minister-at-large to look after the city's poor and unfortunate. Collyer was invited and went, and when one of the churches was presently without a minister he supplied just to fill the gap, and they called him. The responsibility frightened him. He was a blacksmith, while his associates were educated men—university men. "In a year," he said to Mrs. Collyer, "I shall run dry and have nothing to say. "Ah, mon," she replied in the Yorkshire dialect, "It's not a cistern ye ha' inside o' ye, its a spring"—and so to his astonishment it proved. This was in 1859, and the church grew steadily until the building became too small for those who wanted to hear on a Sunday morning. And then in April, 1861, Sumpter was fired upon and the trumpet call for troops was sounded. The blacksmith preacher had in two short years of service become the first voice in the growing city in all matters of public concern. He was still, as he began, the "minister-at-large." His text the next Sunday morning was this, "Let him that is without a sword sell his garment and buy one." It was a summons which those who heard never could forget. Sunday after Sunday the word rang out from his pulpit which fired men's hearts for the mighty conflict. When it came, and there was need for what we have come to know as Red Cross work, Robert Collyer went to the front, and then he would go back now and then and tell the people what he had done with the sums committed to his charge, and how he had nursed and comforted as he could. Here is just one little incident which is an index to the rest—he is on a Mississippi steamboat taking the wounded to a hospital: "Here is a man I must attend to who has lost his arm and is sinking into the shadows—and as I lay cool linen on the stump, he tells me, in broken sentences, he has left a wife and two young children at home he will never see again, and gives me a glance into his brave soul in asking what hope there may be for him when he passes through the gates. He has always tried to do right, he says, and be a man, but never professed religion. 'You will go right home to your Father and mine,' I told him, 'never you fear.' With some more words from my heart he is comforted, and as I come and go I watch the face grow white. He is very quiet now and I ask a sweet Presbyterian deacon, a neighbor of ours in the city, to watch with him. The noble soul is quite of my mind about the future for such a man, and when all is over he comes to tell me how he had put up the one hand gently when the end came and closed his own eyes, and then laid the hand softly on the breast and was no more, no more, and yet forever more." You see, do you not, how such a preacher touched the hearts of the people at home and how both his church and his city emptied their purses to supply him and his "Sanitary" helpers with funds. After the war was over hundreds told how tender was his touch when he played the nurse's part, and how his shining face and words of courage and cheer seemed like a benediction from on high. This he did on the battlefield and in the hospital; and in the city his moving appeals brought helpers and supplies.

When at last the grim struggle was over he turned back to his beloved church, to find that the bonds had strengthened between him and his people and that somehow his name and word had gone over the whole nation he had sought to serve. Calls came from the Second Church in Brooklyn and from Theodore Parker's church in Boston—the invitation to the latter post was signed by Ralph Waldo Emerson and Wendell Phillips; but none of these things, and he knew how great the honor was, moved him. His work was in Chicago. The people sent him to England to rest while they built a new and larger church. And here let me tell some of the things that befell him in England on that visit and on later ones. He found his good old mother who had made the family so comfortable on $4.50 a week, sitting in the same old chair he remembered as a boy, and as she greeted him the tears ran down her fine old face. It was from her, Dr. Bellows said after seeing her, that "Robert got his outfit." In the fields and hamlets there for weeks he was a boy again. It was on a later visit that the following incident occurred. He was famous now on both sides of the sea, and a Mr. Ellis, a good Unitarian 'squire, invited him to dine in a great handsome manor house where Queen Elizabeth was once entertained. In his "Memories" he says:

> "I was glad to go and as we sat on the lawn under a grand old tree, chatting of many things, my good host said: 'I have been told, sir, by your friends, that you emigrated from Yorkshire to the United States. My family came south from Yorkshire many years ago when my father was partner in a linen factory. The firm was Colbeck & Ellis, the factory was in Fewston; you may have heard of the place.' Yes, I answered, I worked in that factory seven years in my boyhood. My father was the smith there and worked in the factory, boy and man, thirty-two years. He was brought down from London and was bound apprentice to your father and Mr. Colbeck in the year 1807. So there we sat, the sons of the master and the apprentice, after 80 years, with a good warm grip of the hands."

Here is the romance I promised, and do the fairies tell more wonderful tales? It was in this later visit that a long cherished dream came true. He had not breathed his wish to any one but he wanted above all things else to preach in his old home church in Addingham, at Ilkley where he worked at the forge, and in the little church at Fewston, where he went as a boy. And strangely enough, invitations came from all these three Methodist pulpits, and he gladly accepted each invitation. On this later visit, too, he went to see an iron fence which he had made while working at the forge, and, though forty years had gone not a rivet had given away. He had been faith-

ful in the little things and mayhap that led the way to all the good things that had come after. One other thing came out of England and that is the story of the factory bell. It used to wake him when a boy of eight at 5:30 in the morning that he might be at the factory at six—no wonder its tones were harsh. But the years had softened the memory and when the factory was torn down Mr. Collyer wrote to ask that if the bell was broken up a piece of it should be sent him. For answer the bell was sent express paid to his door. What should he do with it? Well, up at Cornell University where he talked once a year to the students, he told of the rivets that had not started and of the bell for which he had no use. It happened they were building there a shop where boys should be taught various trades and on the shop they needed a bell. So it was given, and in another year they summoned him to come and ring the first stroke on the bell that he had given—and lo! as he struck it the tones were silver clear and all their harshness gone. And still it calls, as it will do through the years, or it may be centuries, to come, happy workers to the shop which adds new dignity to toil. Is not that, too, a romance which fairies might covet? Let us go back now with him to Chicago after that first happy visit to his mother-land. The church they built was filled Sunday after Sunday for six happy years. Then came the great fire of 1871 when a large portion of the city of Chicago was destroyed and with it nine-tenths of the houses of Mr. Collyer's people, together with the church so recently built. Five times that fearful day the Collyer family moved to see the house they left swept by the rushing flames. One refuge had been the church. At last a house separated by a little lake sheltered them—and now we come to what is perhaps the supreme moment of this poet-preacher's life. How should he meet his people and what could he say to them? The question was no sooner asked than answered. They would meet in front of the place where the church had stood on the next Sunday at 11 o'clock, and so they did. They opened their service with the hymn:

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone
He can create and He destroy.

For Scripture he found in Isaiah the words: "Our holy and beautiful house, where our father's praised Thee, is burned with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste," and then as the good tears flowed down their cheeks, the stricken people sang again:

When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

And then the preacher spoke to the people, finding, like Bunyan's Christian, a key of Hope in his bosom which unlocked for them the dungeon of Giant Despair. He told them they must pay him no stipend for the year, that he could care for his family at the anvil, if need be, and that they must rebuild as soon as possible—and when he was done the people voted "with something like a shout of gladness" to do as he proposed. But this man was not simply the preacher to a single congregation, he was still minister-at-large. His words spoken in front of the charred building were telegraphed all over the world. In response one man asked the privilege of paying Collyer's salary for a year, and sent the first quarter's pay. Another sent 1,400 loaves of bread for distribution, which the Relief Association accepted. England sent him funds, and of the $5,000,000 which the stricken city received no small part was sent in his name or distributed as he directed. The city loved and trusted him and a nation responded to his appeals. Cornell University wrote that they had a thousand dollars for him if he would make and send them a horseshoe, which, you may be sure, he promptly did.

As I have told this remarkable story I am sure that the life has interpreted itself. At his funeral the other day, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, with consummate insight, said that Dr. Collyer had at once the simplicity of a child, the tenderness of a woman, and the strength of a man. All these elements were so mixed in him that touch him where you would you found humanity at its best estate incarnate in his life. Because he was thus humanity incarnate he knew how to interpret human life. He found his interpretation in the eyes of children, in the faces of strong men, and noble women, and he found it, too, in the pages of the world's best books, for he had learned that here is not only the distilled wisdom of the ages but here, too, are the insights which glorify our poor dull lives with the ideals and hopes which have stirred the noblest souls in their search for the true, the beautiful, and the good. These great souls as well as the men and women whom he knew became his companions and intimate friends. It is good to think of him in these last years in that Broadway study surrounded by the books he loved and to know that after the fire in Chicago a friend in England asked him to write out the list of his lost books, and when this was done a copy of every one was found and sent to him. These were the books upon which his eyes rested with singular affection as he told me the story a year ago, and there I like to leave him, with gratitude in his great heart for all his friends and a love for books and the treasures which they held, lending to his fine old face that hint of immortality which is better than any other proof.

THE LEGEND OF THE TWO KINGS

By Robert Collyer.

Read at a convention of smiths in Illinois.

"The younger son of the All Father is King of the Forge."—*Ancient Saga.*

It was long ago and far away,
In a summer palace—the legends say;
Where the fragrance of roses and new mown hay
Was borne on the wind, while the plash and play
Of water, from fountains sweet and clear,
Rose and fell on the listening ear.
And the singing of birds, with the murmur of bees,
Hidden away in the mulberry trees,
Stole through a room where one lay still,
The king of the land, on whose royal will
All men waited in fear and awe,
For the king was the fountain of life and law.

He had sat in his hall through the morning tide,
While the folk had come from far and wide,
To the seat of justice, a wondrous throng,
That the king might judge between right and wrong
In each man's case, and make due award;
While on right and left stood the royal guard,
Silent and stern with bated breath,
To do his bidding for life or death.
But now he was tired and wanted a nap,
Just forty winks, so he donned his cap,

Silken and soft in exchange for his crown,
Covered himself with a quilt of down,
Said, "This feels nice," and shut his eyes,
Bid them close the lattice to keep out the flies;
And let none disturb him on peril of doom,
In the cool retreat of his darkened room.

But the king was to have no nap that day,
Tired as he was and falling away
To a slumber as sweet as labor can bring,
For right through the silence came the ring
Of many hammers struck on steel,
Many and mighty, peal on peal
Of stalwart strokes, from beyond the trees,
Drowning the murmur of water and bees,
And the singing of birds in the drowse of the day,
On the summer wind from the mountain gorge,
Where the master smith had built his forge.

Now this was the way the story ran:
That before the times the oldest man
Could remember, there had been a forge
Standing there by the mountain gorge,
Manned by the smiths from father to son,
Steadily held and honestly won;
Workers in iron since the day
When the old bronze age had passed away;
Shoeing the horse and forging the brand,
Strong and sure for the soldier's hand;
Turning the share and tireing the wheel,
Master workman in iron and steel;
There they had stood from the oldest time,
Toiling and moiling in smoke and grime,
Upright and downright, steady and true,
Doing the work GOD gave them to do.

While the land had been held by chartered right,
Two hundred years—and maintained by might
Of their good right hand, from father to son,
Steadily held as honestly won;
So that clear as the right of the king to his crown,
Was the right of the smith to have and to own
Homestead and smithy, garden and croft,
With all below and all aloft;
As high as the stars and as deep as the fires,
Full and free as the heart's desires;
So ran the charter, fair to see,
Dated 1010 A. D.

But might makes right when kings grow white
With anger, and the lurid light
Burns in their eyes; men fear to see,
Bending before the majesty
Of one whose wrath is as the path
Of the lion, from which all things flee.
He tossed the cover away from his couch,
And they say he swore, but I will not vouch
For that, though we read kings have been known
To swear in their wrath like the veriest clown;
I only know he called the guard,
Whose place it was to keep watch and ward,
Bid them go forth and raze to the ground
That forge, until no stone was found
To stand on another, and bring the smith
Into the royal presence forthwith,
To hear his doom, who had dared to make
This clamor, and keep their king awake.
So, alas for the day, if "What shall he say
Who comes after the king" be Bible true,
For what shall befall, be you freeman or thrall,
When the king in his wrath comes after you?
Swiftly the guard went up to the glen,
To bring the smith with his stalwart men
Into the presence of majesty—
And they answered no word, but quietly
Came forth of the smithy into the hall,
And ranged themselves against the wall,
With leathern apron and grimy face.
Each man stood in his proper place,
Forgemen and strikers, a hundred strong,
To fight the battle of right with wrong;
While the folk flocked in from far and near,
Strong in courage or stricken with fear;
They crowded the palace to hear and see
How the smith would answer his majesty.

And this was the way he answered the king:
"If might makes right, then my anvil's ring
Must be heard all the same in this good free land,
For no royal word can stay the hand
Of the smith in his forge, or royal might
Silence anvil and hammer. I stand on my right.
In the great old time they made this rhyme,
And carved it in runes on a stone:
'By hammer and hand
All things do stand.'
So I counsel thee let us alone;
And if thou would'st sleep while we work all day,
Move thy new palace out of my way;
For the smith in his forge is also a king,
No matter what may befall,
And when his hammer ceases to ring,
Thy kingdom will go to the wall.

"Who shoes the horses and forges the brand,
Strong and sure for thy soldiers' hand,
That the foe may be met in the battle array?
The master smith and his men alway.
Who turns the share and tires the wheel?
The master workman in iron and steel.
Who forges the tools for mason and wright,
To build thy walls, whose massive might
Defies the foe and the tooth of time?
The men of my craft for whose sake the rhyme
Was made and carven on the stone
The master smith and his men alone.
There is my answer—now what say ye,
Free-born men to his majesty?"

It was long ago and far away,
To the east of sunrise—the legends say,
When this thing was done on a summer's day;
And from that time forth, for ever and aye,
This law was laid down for each and all,
King and commoner, freeman or thrall;
That wherever the smith shall set his forge,
In town or hill or by mountain gorge,
Holding the same by lawful right,
And honestly working with the might
Of his good right hand;
Then no matter what clamor
He may happen to make with his anvil and hammer,
He shall still be free to hold his own,
And be proud of his cap as the king of his crown;
Because, but for his making no thing could be made,
And so none shall molest him or make him afraid;
So the folk-mote laid down the law, and then
It was signed and sealed with the great *Amen!*

A Tribute from a Layman to the Memory of Robert Collyer

Delivered by S. Adolphus Knopf, M. D., at a meeting of the Robert Collyer Men's Club of the Church of the Messiah, New York City, December 17, 1912.

When I received the invitation to say a few words in memory of Robert Collyer, I felt that it was a great honor to me, and I also felt that it would be very difficult for me to say anything that had not been said before. My only chance of doing so is to let my thoughts take on somewhat of a personal character.

It was my rare privilege to have known Dr. Collyer for over twelve years, and to have taken him home from church nearly every Sunday during the last few years of his life. Occasionally we used to prolong these delightful and never-to-be-forgotten moments by a ride through Central Park. To us who were so fortunate as to pass these happy times in the presence of this unique and lovely personality, it was indeed a great treat. He never failed to tell us an interesting story or relate some appropriate anecdote, and not once do I remember that he repeated any of them. When he left the car he rarely failed to give

us his blessing, and more than once smilingly assured me that he would speak a good word for me to St. Peter, so that I would be sure to get into Heaven.

Of the many interesting stories he told us of his life, two made a particular impression upon me, perhaps because they are related to his early struggle in this country as a stranger in a strange land, in which position I also found myself when I first came to the shores of our great America. This may be the reason that the following little experiences from the life of this great man come to the surface of my mind when so many perhaps more dramatic ones lie dormant and out of the immediate reach of my memory.

He related the story that once, on a very hot and dusty day, when he was walking from Philadelphia to a suburb nearby where he had been promised employment, he was overtaken by a gentleman sitting in an elegant carriage, driving a pair of spirited horses. The gentleman halted and asked the young blacksmith where he was going. Learning that it was in the same direction in which he was about to drive, he invited him to enter the carriage. To the young immigrant this was a strange experience. Never in his life had he met with such hospitality, and in telling us the story he added that he did not think this could ever have happened to him in the old country. In my early wanderings I, too, experienced and was made happy and comfortable more than once by this genuine American hospitality, and I can well imagine how deeply grateful young Collyer must have felt on that hot summer day for the privilege of riding to his destination.

A second story, which perhaps only those who have lived in foreign lands can fully appreciate, is the following one which he told us on one of his last rides through the Park. The leaves of the trees showed their beautiful fall coloring, and changing his usual tone of mirth to one of earnestness, he said: "When a lad in Yorkshire, I used to become melancholy when Fall came and the leaves began to wither. I have never felt that way since I came to America and saw how beautiful the trees turned in the autumn." This was only three weeks before he was taken ill, but I little thought then that it was the last Fall he would see upon this earth. I shall never see another one myself without thinking of the beautiful inspiration this great yet simple man could always draw from nature in all her moods.

I desire to relate one more incident which showed his abiding faith in the immortality of the soul. It was only a few weeks before his last illness when I happened to have as my guest a distinguished German colleague, an eminent physician and also a deep thinker on the many problems of life. While riding home from church we spoke of the hereafter and the destiny of the soul. It was my friend's conviction that, with leaving this body, our souls would be absorbed by the great universal intelligence and our individuality lost forever. He spoke in German and I translated his remarks to Dr. Collyer' who smiled, but did not enter into an argument. All he said was, "I should like to be somebody there just as much as here, and I know I shall be."

And now, since he has departed and has entered into that glorious world where he is surely somebody as he was somebody here, what can I say about what he has been to me as a friend, guide and example? While he was still alive, I had occasion, in an after-dinner address, to pay him my tribute. I have read over what I said then and I find that to-day I cannot say anything different. To me Dr. Collyer was a man beyond criticism. His preaching used to seem to me like a talk of comfort, encouragement, and hope from a loving father to his children who lacked the beautiful spirit of trust in God, trust in mankind, trust in the present and in the future which he had in abundance. Whenever I think of Dr. Collyer I am reminded of his favorite quotation, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." Compared with this venerable sage, I was of course a relatively young man and liked nothing better than when he called me "My son." Yet I have lived half a century and have met a goodly number of men and women in all walks of life, but I do not remember ever to have met a man so universally beloved and honored, not only by his own people but by multitudes of people of the two great English speaking countries. He had no enemies, only friends and admirers. Whenever he is spoken of, whether by Unitarians or people of other beliefs or of no beliefs, they speak of him with affection, admiration, and veneration. His sermons were spiritual messages of peace, love, and kindness; his prayers the outpouring of a heart full of love for God and man; his benedictions came from on high, and his smile, which those who have ever seen it will never forget, was like a glimpse into the gates of heaven.

These are essentially the words I spoke at the dinner above referred to which was given in honor of "Our Ministers." Good Dr. Collyer could not be present. I sent him the manuscript of my little address the next day, and here is the letter which he wrote in his own strong hand in answer to it:

"New York, February 21, 1912.

"Dear Friend and Dear Doctor:

"When I read your report of the brief address to the Club, touching the ministers, my own heart was moved in the reading as I am sure yours was in the speaking, and my old eyes were dim, not with age. Many words have been said to me and about me here and in my mother land, but no words more sweet and tender. Forty-two years ago come May I was invited to preach the sermon before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association in London to my wonder and I confess my dismay. I went over with my heart in my mouth, as we say, and still remember my great welcome and the words that were said matched these you say now—except that I was then in my full prime. I mind well also how in my prime I would wonder how I should fare in my old age if I was spared to be laid on the shelf. Well, here I am among the oldest and the happiest old men in our city, with your address under my left elbow, and can think of no finer boon than that you shall reach your eighty-ninth year and be as hale and hearty as I am, with the dear good wife and good friends past numbering. Bear with my dim old eyes that have missed the line, and believe me,

"Your grateful friend and Pastor Emeritus,

ROBERT COLLYER, Litt.D., D.D., 1823-1912.

I have in my possession no document or autograph, no gift of gold or silver, which I treasure more highly than this letter written during the last year of the life of our saint.

In conclusion, let me tell you of the tribute paid to Dr. Collyer by an entire stranger who had met him but once and only for a very short time, and who, for the first time in his life, had been in a Unitarian church. I refer to the German gentleman above mentioned, my friend Dr. Ernst Diesing, of Hamburg,

whom I had notified of the passing away of our beloved Pastor Emeritus. Here is what he wrote:

"The news of the death of your venerable Pastor fills me with sadness. From the short conversation I had with him and the few expressions of his opinion on the vital problems of life I was privileged to listen to, I feel that he was a man of great nobility of character, of unusual world wisdom, and great goodness of heart. His remarkable and eventful life shows him to have been a man of surpassing spirituality and loveliness, yet great strength of character. I know of no priest or minister of any denomination throughout the great German empire who could be called the equal of your great Dr. Collyer, nor have I found in the fatherland a Christian congregation or sect which has for its precepts so much Christianity, such a wise, practical, and enlightened interpretation of men's religious and social obligations, and such large-hearted tolerance towards others as in your Unitarian church.

"On my return home I told our ministers what I had heard and seen on that delightful Sunday in your church, how and what your ministers preached and what they prayed for, and how deeply I was impressed by the words said to me by Dr. Collyer. My pastor listened attentively, seemed embarrassed and said nothing. But from his sermon on the following Sunday I could see what a deep impression the narrative of my American religious experience had made upon him. He spared us that Sunday; instead of discussing dogma and expounding orthodoxy, he spoke as a man to men, and in a godlike spirit.

"It was perhaps the first time in his career as a theologian that our minister could register a decided success as a preacher and religious teacher."

It is hard to conceive a greater tribute from a stranger, a passer-by so to speak, to our great departed minister and to the church over which Dr. Collyer's genius presided and whose destiny he shaped for over thirty-three years.

Robert Collyer has justly been called an "athlete of God," an eloquent preacher and a wonderful religious teacher. In all these ways he attained greatness, but in none more than as an example to and inspirer of men to do the work of God on earth.

Robert Collyer at Cornell

Remarks of Professor George C. Burr at the memorial service in honor of the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, in Sage Chapel, Cornell University.

I cannot remember a time when I had not heard of Robert Collyer. He was one of the heroes of the great public struggle that filled my boyhood. He was the great preacher of the great city of the West. He was the lecturer of whose power I heard most in that day of the public platform. Of all the sacrifices that had to be made for the hope of college none was greater than to forego that source of inspiration; and it was a wonderful reward to find it here—to listen in this chapel to Chapin and Beecher and Bellows, to Bishop Simpson and Phillips Brooks—yes, and at last to Robert Collyer. It was hard to win him from his pulpit for a Sunday; but he came at last. Some here remember it as do I, and will always remember it, that October Sunday of 1882, when first we saw that good gray head, that burly form, that sunny face amid the snowy locks. And the sermon? It was on Terah, you remember, the father of Abraham (who but he would ever have thought of making a sermon on old Terah?)—how "Terah took Abram, his son, and Lot, his brother's son, and went forth from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan," and how they got no farther than Haran, one day's journey. For "to go to Haran from Ur," he said, "is a sort of picnic, but to get to Canaan after that is a painful pilgrimage." And Terah's courage gave out: so they lingered at Haran till the old man died. "He had started on a journey, and it ended in a jaunt,—he dreamed of the mountains, and settled on a flat." But Robert Collyer did not laugh at the old man, nor upbraid him—ah, that was the beauty of it; for it was Terah, he said, who had had the dream and Terah who had made the start—and it is the first step that costs. And how he made us see the old man at his work, the maker of molten images, as Hebrew tradition calls him, and pictured to us how he began to cast longing eyes westward to "this Canaan away over the river, the desert, and the mountains," "a kind of Pacific slope looking out on the Mediterranean." And do you mind how he leaned far out over the pulpit and how shrewdly his blue eyes twinkled and how his face lit up with that enchanting smile as he remarked that "the making of brass gods must have been a limited industry, since they never wore out and the older they grew the better people would like them—as we all do with our idols?" And how he made the old man say when his heart failed him: "Boys, it's no use. I will not go back, but I cannot go on. . . . . I think I can do a very good stroke of work here in Haran." But he told us, you remember, how the boys pushed on as soon as the old man was gone, and how Terah's courage was to be measured not by the length of his march, but by what it cost him; and the lesson he drew from it for us youngsters was that if we want to go the whole way to a great destination we shall do well to start while we are young. And do you remember how we came out from the sermon all mellow with love for God and man, how the Bible, aye and all old history, had grown full for us of real, live, lovable people, and how our hearts throbbed with a great new hope and longing and resolve?

Well, he came every year after that—and we all came to hear him, every time,—aye, many who never left their own churches else, or who never went to church at all. And always to find the same inspiration—whether he preached to us about the great rose window in York Cathedral, which shows its beauty only when you look from within toward the sunlight, or about the bush with the "overplus of blossom" that must not be expected to bring all of it to fruit, or about "Antipas, my faithful martyr," who has but one line in the record, yet enough to tell of a brave life and a brave death, or about "the city that lieth foursquare," or about the "Marthas and the Marys," drawn with oh such sympathy and humor, or about the widow who gave all her living and was Mary and Martha in one, or about the shadow that went back on the dial, or about sleep—ah, that wonderful vindication of sleep. Aye, some of these he preached over and over again to us because you asked him. Alas, that we are never to hear them again! But let me tell you a secret; over yonder at the library you may find them almost all—yes, more than enough for every Sunday in the year—printed in his books or in the weekly issue of that "Messiah Pulpit" through which Mr. Savage and he so long preached to the whole country. And so does their very phrasing breathe his inimitable self that you may even hear the tones of his voice and feel his smile when you read them.

But not sermons alone he gave us. I think he loved us from the first—us and our hill-top home.

He had always believed in Cornell and her heresies, from the days when "Andrew White," as he always called him, planned and did battle for them. And so, when he came to us—always in the time of apple-blossoms, if so we could arrange it—he used often to linger with us beyond the Sunday; and to my happy lot—for I had grown to know him as the secretary whose duty it was to meet him at the train and to see to his comfort—there fell still the honor of welcoming him. "Laddie," he used to call me, aye even to my white hairs; and of all the blessings that have made my manhood's life, yea even in its sorrows, like a fairy dream, so have its fruitions surpassed the visions of the boy, none has been more rich in happiness than the friendship of Robert Collyer. But what he always wanted, even more than to meet his old friends here, was to touch hands with the students—sometimes on walk or drive with a chosen few, sometimes at the friendly hearth of some club or fraternity, sometimes in the great drawing room of Sage College, sometimes with a knot about my own study fire. It was to that audience he gave himself most fully. For them one could always win from him his best stories, those old memories of factory and forge and of the first years in America—how blessed that before he left us he wrote them out for the *Christian Register* and then could publish them for us in a book. And sometimes we could persuade him to recite one of his poems—"Hammer and Hand," or "Saxon Grit," or that plaintive tale of the lover lost in the snow. Once he even gave us—and without a thought of payment—that famous lecture on "Real Grit" which had enraptured so many audiences in the old lyceum days. Nor were his gifts limited to words. President Crane has told you about the horseshoe and the Fewston bell. But he gave us, too, things that he prized more: that beautiful edition of the works of King Alfred, and many another book, including those from his own pen. He knew that we loved him, and for long he even dreamed, to our joy, of making his home among us when his work was done—that work which happily, for the world if not for us, was never done till the Master called.

Of course we loved him. But why? What was Robert Collyer's secret?

Was it his simplicity?—that simplicity of soul which fixed his love on homely, common things, and made his every sermon so simple that any child could understand, that simplicity of speech which gave him such a store of short and telling Saxon words as have been no man's else, not even in his motherland, since John Bunyan's time, and whose contagious charm set us all talking simpler Saxon for days after his visits.

Was it his honesty?—that heartsome honesty which broke all bars of cant and of convention, even the pulpit's, and made him speak straight out in meeting if a hymn did not please him or a Bible verse, or if anything went wrong in audience or sermon, or whenever any honest impulse came into his heart for utterance. Do you remember how once when the dogmatic words of a hymn chosen by the chorister were not to his liking, he told us, "You may sing it if you like, but I won't read it?" It was, indeed, that honesty which made him free to draw us memories from his own life. But they were stories, almost all, that were somehow at his own expense; and you remember how his honesty would never tolerate the assertion that he had been a first-class blacksmith—never such a blacksmith as his father or his master, for "to make a good blacksmith a boy's heart must be on his forge, not on his books."

Was it his tenderness?—ah, that loving tenderness that always saw the kindly side, that spied out always the neglected folk, the insignificant, the overlooked, that knew their troubles and their yearnings, and had for them no blame.

Was it his tolerance?—that breadth of sympathy which used no harsh word even of the harsh—of honest foe no more than honest friend,—that tolerance which made us feel all men but brothers in a common fight.

Was it his ruggedness?—that sturdy masculine something that braced these softer virtues, that could be firm as well as fair, and never the mere apologist of the under dog, that could see the worth of anger, aye and feel it—prizing Luther's wrath above Melanchthon's charm or all the polish of Erasmus, and could discern, like Carlyle, even in the Christ a man of wrath—the wrath that blazes out, but never holds a grudge.

Was it his humor?—that spice of his ruggedness, that salt of his tenderness, that gentle, friendly humor that flashed through tears, yet even through the mist was like the sun, piercing all shams and making clear all tangles. It could be pungent, but it was always kindly—as when once, in his own pulpit, I heard him say of Henry Ward Beecher: "He was an oak planted in a washtub: it was hard on the tub."

Was it his accent?—that delicious savor of his mother's speech that made him say "Sunda'" and "Tuesda,'" and taught us what Henry van Dyke meant when in this pulpit he once said that he would not give a copper for the speech of any man if it had no flavor of the soil. And oh, that Yorkshire mother-brogue, with which he could draw such mirth for us from his teeming memories—though that chest had a wealth of other good stories, and dearly he loved to tell them.

Or did his charm explain itself? I know thoughtless folk who found the secret of his power in what they called his "naturalness." "Why, to him it was all natural," they said, "he needed only to be himself." My friends, I knew him well. Let me tell you here and now that he was one of the keenest, strongest thinkers I ever knew. No mere mother's wit was his, but that close, serried thought we rightly count the fruit of years of study. But more: I am a man of books, and it is my business to train men of books. Let me tell you that he was a scholar. Few men had read so much, and few with such result to mind and character. True, he did not always dot his i's and cross his t's as do the schoolmasters; but, as I grew to know how solid was that scholarship of his, I blushed that pint-pot pedants by the score—yea, even I—received the crown of a degree while he as yet had none. All honor to that university in his old home land which at last made that lack good! Yet I make haste to add that I would rather have, like him, the art to hide my learning in my work than all the degrees in Christendom.

Aye, the art. Do you think simplicity and honesty cost no art? Why, even to tell the truth is a consummate art. And to tell it as could he—to make one's every phrase, one's every tone, one's every

smile, the honest utterance of one's honest self—ah, who shall tell what self-control, what ripening of character and heart, alone could dare it. Read those letters of his early manhood unearthed in Yorkshire forty years ago by Moncure Conway, and compare with them the ripened magic of his later speech. What a teacher of history he would have made, with his insight, his sympathy, his graphic skill. What a teacher he was withal!

But Robert Collyer had better than history to teach —better than learning or than art to help him teach it. No learning and no art could give that eye to see, that grace to tell. For Robert Collyer was a poet. Aye, at the heart of all, he was a poet—a poet greater in his prose than in his verse: how great a poet the world will some day learn when it outgrows its childish need of rhyme and metre. How he thought in pictures, and how the pictures melted into words! Bethany in its cup of the hills, Edessa beside its desert spring, the flooding bloom of summer, the white glory of winter, nothing could he touch without its glowing into beauty and quivering into life.

And yet, and yet—at the inmost soul of us what made us love him was—his humanness. With all his genius, all his poet's eloquence, Robert Collyer was no miracle: he was a man. Ah, thank God for that! That sums it all. And if, beneath his words, we felt all the universe a-throb with love and hope and courage, was it not that, just by being a man, he taught us—God?

SAXON GRIT

By Robert Collyer

Read on "Forefathers Day" to some Sons of New England in response to the toast "Saxon Grit."

Worn with the battle by Stamford town,
  Fighting the Norman by Hastings Bay,
Harold, the Saxon's sun, went down,
  While the acorns were falling, one autumn day.
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land;
  By tenor of conquest here I sit;
I will rule you now with the iron hand"—
  But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
  And burnt the homesteads from Humber to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,
  Eat up the corn and drank the wine,
And said to the maiden pure and fair,
  "You shall be my leman, as is most fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair"—
  But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry green wood went bold Robin Hood,
  With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray
Driving the arrow into the marrow
  Of all the proud Normans who came in his way;
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
  Winning by valor or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
  This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipt out his knife,
  And Watt the smith his hammer brought down
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,
  And by breaking a head made a hole in the Crown.
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
  "Our life shall not be by the king's permit;
We will fight for the right we want no more"—
  Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown
  From the acorns falling that autumn day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
  To a nobler stature grew alway.
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
  Standing by law and the human right,
Many times failing, never once quailing,
  So the new day came out of the night.

* * * * * * * * *

Then rising afar in the Western sea,
  A new world stood in the morn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free
  Who could wrench out the heart and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
  Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand—
  And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
  Trusting in God, your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
  Cool headed Saxons with hearts aflame.
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
  And hiding their freedom in Holy writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
  And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,
  Fearless as ever of what might befall;
Pouring out life for the nurture of men;
  In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
Inventing baked beans, and no end of machines;
  Great with the rifle and great with the axe—
Sending their notions over the oceans,
  To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,
  Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,
Maintaining the meet'n, exalting the scholar,
  But a little too anxious about a good trade;
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,
  Positive, peaceable, firm in the right;
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,
  Steady for freedom and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure as the oaks have grown
  From the acorns that fell on the old dim day,
So this sturdy manhood, in city and town,
  To a nobler stature will grow alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
  Slow to contention, and slower to quit,
Now and then failing, but never once quailing,
  Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

The American Unitarian Association announces an unusual list of thoughtful books this season: Dr. Dodson's book on "Bergson and the Modern Spirit;" Dr. Calthrop's "The Supreme Reality;" John C. Kimball's two books on "The Ethical Aspects of Evolution" and "The Romance of Evolution;" "America's Conquest of Europe" by David Starr Jordan; "The Eternal Presence" by William Henry Fiske Jr.; the ten papers on "Freedom in the Churches," edited by Dr. Wendte; the eleven papers on "Social Ideals of a Free Church" by Elmer S. Forbes and to crown this notable column of high thinking and clear vision, a book by Robert Collyer entitled "Clear Grit," edited by his successor in the New York pulpit, John Haynes Holmes. We think it safe to say that never in the history of the Association has there been such a remarkable list of books presented in a single bulletin of new books by the Association.

A dear friend of mine used to say of a fine old doctor in Philadelphia that his simple presence did his patients more good than his medicine, and was easier to take beyond all comparison. Well, such a presence is always a noble medicine in itself. The contagion of a cheerful soul helps us always to look toward the light, sets the tides of life flowing again, and cubes all our chances of getting well.—*Robert Collyer.*

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

SUN.—We may never lose anything out of our life, only lay it away on the shelf of memory.

MON.—Passion might fly out of the window when poverty comes in at the door, but love will stand by you while life holds on, and then it will plume its wings, and go with you into the eternal life.

TUES.—God often darkens the way that the melody may grow clear and entire in the soul.

WED.—In my wide experience, the deepest and noblest souls have been those who had treasures in heaven.

THURS.—The contagion of a cheerful soul helps us always to look toward the light, sets the tides of life flowing again, and cubes all our chances of getting well.

FRI.—I must have faith in my faith.

SAT.—What I can do with my single arm may be mean enough; but that is not the question. The thing to consider is, What can I do with God to help me?

—*Robert Collyer.*

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM ROBERT COLLYER

You ask me for a word of New Year's Greeting from the snow-line of four score and six years just completed,—and my most real faith. I gladly send the greeting to all your readers, and the wish that if they live to my length of years the burden may be as light and the content as deep in their hearts as mine is now, has been, and I trust will be, while I mind the poet's lines:

"Grow old cheerily,
The best is yet to be."

And my best faith centres in the Fatherhood of God; this as so many doctrines and dogmas suffer dimness grows deeper to me and clearer. Our Father in heaven,—and on the earth!

It came to me when I could no longer abide in my old home,—Methodism,—as the primal truth. He is my father, and I am His son; and when I leave this world I shall not go to Him, because He will be with me when I leave and wherever I go.

This is the faith I found when I must move from the old first church and faith, fifty years ago, and found this we call Unitarian, because we can find no better or fitter name.

(*Written for THE UNITARIAN January,* 1910, *at the request of the Editor.*)

Charles and Mary Lamb

A short and slender person you would have seen in those lanes, with what Thomas Hood called a pair of immaterial legs; a head of wonderful beauty, if you could see it bare, well set on the bent shoulders, with black curly hair in plenty, threaded through with gray; eyes of a soft brown, like that you see in some gentle animals, but not quite the same color,—odd eyes, you would call them; and a face of the finest Hebrew type rather than the Saxon. "But who shall describe his face," an old friend says, "or catch its quivering sweetness? Deep thought, shot through with humor, and lines of suffering wreathed with mirth." He would be dressed in black, also of an old fashion, though the time was when he favored a decent gray; and when a friend asked him once why he wore such queer old clothes, he answered very simply, "Because they are all I have, my boy."

He would have a dog with him, also; a creature which answered, or rather did *not* answer, to the name of Dash, and would rush away wherever his wayward fancy led him, while he who should have been his master would stand still in deep dismay, calling to him, fearing he would get lost, and resolving to teach him better manners; only when the rogue did return in an hour or so, his victim would be so glad he could not bear even to scold him, and so he had to send him away at last in sheer despair.

So the gentle old man would walk about the lanes in those days, with Dash to torment him; turn in, perhaps, to the Bell, where John Gilpin should have dined, for a glass of ale; and then go home to the lodgings where he lived with his sister.

* * * * * * *

Mary Lamb was a woman of rare gifts. Hazlitt says she was the only woman he ever met who knew how to reason; but Hazlitt's experience of women was not fortunate. Wordsworth, with a finer ear, says, "I dwell not only on her genius, but on her rare delicacy and refinement."

They kept house together, and knew how to do this on a little, until more came to hand, as I said; and Mary knew what her brother loved to eat, and how he liked to have it done. And Coleridge—the archangel more than somewhat damaged by this time—clung to the brother and the sister, and they to him; so did Jem White, whose death, Lamb says, took half the fun out of the world and the sunshine.

* * * * * * *

A schoolmaster, of whose school Lamb took charge once when the pedagogue had to go away and did not know what in the world he should do for a teacher. Lamb did not know what he should do *as* a teacher when he had got into the desk, so he gave the boys a whole holiday to their vast delight. An artist who had to get out a series of portraits of great admirals for a magazine, but could not afford to hire a sitter; so Lamb sat for the whole lot, which are still to be found with faces more or less of the Hebrew type. A poor fellow to whom Lamb said with a blush, when he was getting to be easy about money, "Do you know, my boy, I have made my will, and put you down for so much, so I might just as well pay it now." Barry Cornwall also, a young man then, and not over well-to-do, was very dear to him. He was looking much cast down one day; and Lamb, suspecting it was money, or rather the lack of it, which troubled him, said, "Barry, my desk is all a maze of things I don't want, and there's a hundred pounds among 'em. Do take it, my boy, and relieve me of the care."

* * * * * * *

Lamb had a good word for Judas Iscariot, and pity for the man in the great sermon who built his house upon the sand, and for the five foolish virgins; but did not care much for the man who built his house on the rock, because it was clear he knew how to take care of himself, or for the five wise virgins who went in merrily to the supper, and left their companions weeping outside in the dark; while he was not quite clear that there was not a certain grain of nobility in Guy Fawkes, that arch traitor who would have blown up king, lords, and commons at one stroke; and had great pity also for a man he read of in the papers, who was taken up for sheep-stealing, because the sheep was taken, too, and so the poor man lost his first and last chance at a mutton-pie. And Lamb imagined, moreover, what a fearful thing it would be, if, when His Grace of Clarence had made his choice to be drowned in a butt of malmsey, it should not turn out to be that after all, but some other sort of wine.

From a lecture on Charles and Mary Lamb in the forthcoming volume, entitled "Clear Grit," by Robert Collyer.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TRIBUTES

The UNITY has just come and when I read of your proposed Robert Collyer memorial number it brought my brother forcibly to mind, for he went into Unity church upon coming to Chicago, and was always helpful in the work Mr. Collyer laid out for the young people. He was the age of Mr. Collyer's children and always welcomed at their house. When my brother met Martha and asked her to be his wife, Mr. Luey, her father, wrote Mr. Collyer to learn what he knew of him, and his reply quite satisfied the family. The morning of the Chicago fire Charley went to their house on Chicago avenue, corner of Dearborn, and helped move every book and the piano to the basement of the church, supposed to be fireproof. All were burned. Did you know? I suppose you did, that the English writers wrote him after the fire offering to send him copies of their books for our library (I mean our public library), and he said, "I didn't tell them we had no library, but said 'send them along,'" and they did, thus forming a nucleus of the Chicago Public Library. I can never forget his queer smile when he said, "I didn't tell them we had no library." I remember one day he said to Mrs. Blackman, Miss Merritt and myself (all of us teachers), "Now we *must* get this person into the old ladies' home and I have put you each down for five dollars. Will you give it? Then if you ever need it I will help put you in a home"—so he raised money for many people. I was in the church when he dismissed us to go scrape lint and roll bandages, while he got ready to go to the soldiers in the war.

Fortunate were we who came under his influence. FLORA P. TOBIN.

Oak Park, Ill.

The "Charley" mentioned above was the Charles P. Parish who became an active and prominent business man in Chicago: He was for many years a sympathetic and efficient trustee of All Souls Church and an interested supporter of UNITY and the activities represented by its senior editor. His beautiful daughter Rosamond was a victim of the Iroquois fire. On last Thanksgiving day, in the fullness of a successful life, he met a violent death by being struck by a train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad near his suburban home at Homewood, Ill. It had been a happy day in the bosom of a loving family, with large plans awaiting his execution. A wife, three sons, one daughter and the sister who sends the above appreciation remain to mourn him. It is a pleasure to his latest pastor to couple his name in this fashion with his earliest pastor. Charley Parish was a typical Robert Collyer boy—one of a long line who grew into positions of trust and usefulness through his inspiration.

Dear UNITY:

When I started my first jewelry shop in Brodhead, in the midst of saloons, I witnessed scrimmages most every Saturday between drunken, brutal men. Once when a burly intoxicated man insulted my assistant, who made a dash for the pistol, I pinioned the tough's arms behind him and piloted him safely out without damage except the loss of a coat-tail. When the Blacksmith Preacher came around you can imagine what sledge-hammer blows he delivered on the lawlessness of the little burg. I see the Grand Old Man, who was in his prime then, still vividly before me. I was told of the effects of his sensational lecture in the Presbyterian Church by my friend, Manning G. Balch, well remembered in southern Wisconsin as a lecturer for the Grand Lodge I. O. G. T. Balch was an all-round brilliant genius, literary, musical and oratorical, wined and dined by the elite in his father's Saratoga Hotel. He was "snatched like a brand from the burning" and became an influential Methodist Episcopal Elder. I only recall that he said the Puritan prudes were shocked because Collyer had used the word "belly" in the House of God.

G. A. WETTSTEIN.

Monroe, Wis., December 11, 1913.

UNITY has just this instant arrived. I send my little contribution for the Robert Collyer number, but I fear it will be too late. From a sermon long years ago my star of hope was brightened by the following:

"There is bread baking in God's oven to satisfy the hunger of every human heart."

LOUISE M. DUNNING.

Seattle, Washington.

WHY MORE BATTLESHIPS?

Condensed Report of the Address of Mr. Bernard Noel Langdon-Davies at the Luncheon of The Chicago Peace Society, Saturday, Dec. 6, at the Hotel Sherman, 12:30 O'Clock.

I am deeply sensible of the honor I enjoy in being the guest of so distinguished a Society to-day. This great city of yours is an exemplification of the practical genius of the American people. I should therefore be doing less than my duty if I came before you to-day as a visionary preaching vague aspirations. I propose to do my best to indicate a practical road to peace and to suggest what the men of Chicago can do to make the nations follow it.

No great reform was ever brought about in modern times save as the result of public opinion. Therefore it is only by the education of public opinion that we shall bring about the friendship of nations. At once there arise two questions: Upon what lines are we to proceed in our policy of education and by what means are we to carry it out? I need not here elaborate the nature of the problem itself. I would only ask you to bear in mind that it is a double problem, the problem of war and the problem of that armed peace which is becoming nearly as disastrous as war itself. All the civilized nations to-day are dependent upon their industries, upon the continued application of energy to raw materials, for productive purposes. Wherever there is expenditure on unproductive objects, wherever there is waste, the community suffers loss. England spends $400,000,000 a year upon her army and navy; 10,000,000 of her citizens do not get enough to eat. Similar figures might be taken in most of the civilized countries to-day. The two facts have a very definite relation to each other and in some way the evil has got to be remedied. Your export trade depends in the future on whether we in the Old World spend our money upon armour-plate and soldiers' pay or upon automobiles and wheat. Moreover we are all of us, you in America included, increasing this burden and wasting more millions in this way every year and there seems to be no way out. Everyone realizes these facts and all sensible people deplore them, but the statesmen have not as yet found the means of solving the problem.

What solutions have until recently been proposed? Only two, I think. First there is the militarist solution—more armaments. That at least does not pretend to solve the problem of the growth of armaments. And for my part I question very much its power to solve the problem of war. Let us take the best modern statement of the position. Mr. Winston Churchill, Secretary to the British Admiralty, put it very well when he said that the only

way for England to have peace was for her to be so strong that nobody dared attack her. And General von Bernhardi has said that the only way for Germany to have peace is for her to be so strong that nobody dares attack her. Now a quarrel or a competition must be considered in terms of two parties. Let us, unlike the statesmen, endeavor to hold two ideas in our heads at the same time. We then find that the only way for England and Germany to have peace is for each to be stronger than the other—which is impossible.

In the last few years there has arisen a new school of thought in these matters which has found expression in Norman Angell's book, "The Great Illusion," and in the movement arising therefrom. Norman Angell approaches the whole subject from a new standpoint. Instead of attacking people for fighting, he attacks the false axioms which make them build armaments and fight; instead of appealing to the altruism of calmly inviting attack, he appeals to all nations at once with the plea of sanity and enlightened self-interest. It is on the side of this plea that I ask you, the industrial leaders of a great city in a great country, to throw your influence. Perhaps you will allow me in the briefest manner to sketch the argument upon which we base our case and by which we believe we can educate public opinion and accomplish our ends.

In the first place, Norman Angell observed two things. Men are led in international affairs by phrases and do not give a moment's consideration to the questions of whether those phrases have any meaning or whether that meaning squares with the facts. He tells a story of two men meeting on the street. "What's this I hear about you, Smith?" says one, "you don't believe in the Monroe Doctrine!" "It's a lie," says Smith, "a wicked lie. I do believe in the Monroe Doctrine. I would lay down my life for the Monroe Doctrine. All I said was that I didn't know what it meant." And it is a fact that thousands will die for a phrase which they do not in the least understand. The second thing which he observed was that the phrases and axioms which govern international politics to-day are out of date. They belong, most of them, to the days of the Roman Empire or the Middle Ages, to the days of slavery and the exploitations of conquered peoples in the interests of dynasties and have no meaning whatsoever when applied to modern industrial and democratic communities.

Large armaments are necessary to protect trade, we are told. Well, we ask, is it true? What navy protects the mercantile marine of Norway, which is larger per head of the population than that of any other nation in the world? How can we account for the fact that the most prosperous country in the world is Switzerland, which has no armaments? Of course the idea is due to a confusion of thought. Nations have armaments, individuals trade. In the markets of the world one does not select a buyer or a seller by measuring the armaments of the nation from which he comes; one selects that individual who can offer the best bargain and he tends to come from the countries where the citizens are less taxed for unproductive objects.

But, you may say, at least conquest must bring gain. Let us consider the question. Germany, for example, has a great trade rival in England and is therefore desirous of defeating England so as to remove that rivalry and get the trade for herself. Let us suppose the conquest accomplished and let us then reckon the profit and loss. Germany has had to pay an insurance premium to cover the risk of her not winning the war and has had to pay the expenses of the war. Then in trying to remove a rival she has also removed her own best customer among the nations of the world. She next must solve the problem of how to compel the people who used to trade with English firms to transfer their custom to her and not, let us say, to you or to Belgium or to Italy. And when all has been done, what is the position in England? We have had a hard time; we are pressed for money; we have still our population with the industrial skill they had before; we have our coal and iron; we work longer hours; we take shorter wages; prices are lower. In the markets of the world Germany would find that by conquering England, she had raised against herself a rival ten times as formidable as she was before.

Let me take another of the alleged advantages of conquest—territorial advantage. Notice the large, vague phrase. You may see it any day in the papers or hear it from your statesmen. The Balkan States have just obtained "territorial advantage" from Turkey. That is to say, they have acquired certain land which has cost them $100 per acre, a very fair price to pay even without the trouble of fighting. But what I want to ask is whether they have got it now? Before the war that land belonged to certain private individuals, Bulgarians, Servians, Turks or whatever they might be, and after the war the land belongs to the same individuals. The only privilege that the Balkan States have purchased for their $100 per acre are the right to paint the land another color on the map and the right to pay for its administration and defense. Precisely the same is true of the German annexation of Alsace and the English annexation of South Africa. The simple fact forgotten is that to-day slavery and the wholesale slaughter of a people being out of date, when you take only populated territory, you also take only the people who own it.

I should like to deal with the idea that the wealth of a modern nation is capable of confiscation, that war can be made to pay by exacting an indemnity, that people could acquire by conquering England a free supply of the wheat of Canada, and similar fallacies. I should like to show how the credit system, finance and modern banking, all arising out of quickness of communication and transportation, have bound the federated nations together so that a blow at one is struck at all, the conqueror, the conquered and all the rest; how in their own interests the rest of the world have to revive the exhausted victim, who therefore in the end often comes out of the contest better off than the conqueror; but my time is short and I have other things which must be

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said. I propose, too, to omit the quite simple refutation of arguments such as that war is necessary to allow of the survival of the fittest, to vindicate national honor or to ensure virility and good physical and moral qualities among our citizens. I want to come directly to the point and to show why it is important that public opinion should be educated along these particular lines of Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion."

All the nations of the world are arming, and all assert that they are arming in self-defense. Defense is unnecessary unless someone is going to attack. No one will attack unless he has a motive for attack. The only possible motive for attack is the desire to reap the fruits of conquest. If it can be demonstrated that, as between civilized nations to-day, there can be no fruits of conquest, that in the twentieth century that is a harvest which cannot be reaped; if that fact can be shown clearly to the general public of all nations, then, presto! the motive for attack, the need for defense, the burden of armaments, the danger of war will vanish and the stage will be clear for co-operation, for arbitration in disputes, for united action to police undeveloped or rebellious peoples, and, more than all, for mankind's true war, the war with Nature, with the planet on which he lives, with the social problems engendered by vice, ignorance, disease, and all the mysterious forces which spread enough misery already among the great family of mankind. This simple fact, that there are no fruits of conquest, Mr. Norman Angell has proved beyond dispute in his book.

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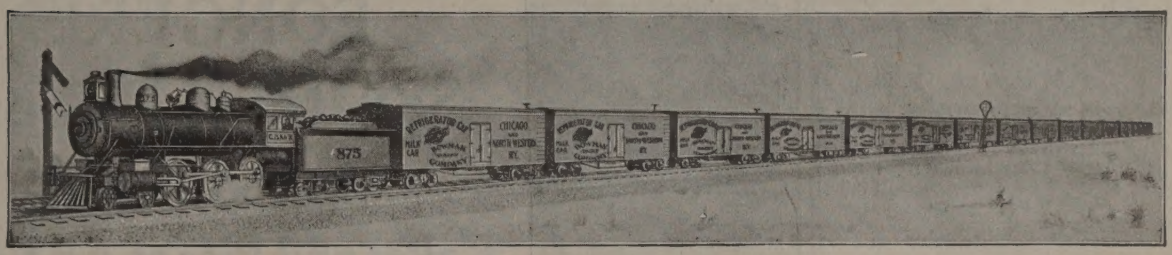

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